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**TOWN HALL, Brighton, Monday, October 21, 1861.**—Mr. and Mrs. BOND'S EVENING CONCERT, to commence at half-past 8.—Mrs. Bond, Miss Leffer (principal contralto from the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, her first appearance in Brighton); Mr. G. Herbert Bond (his first public appearance in Brighton); Mr. H. Whitehouse (from Exeter Hall and the nobilities' concerts, his first appearance in Brighton). Grand Pianoforte, Mr. Bond; Violin, Herr Pollitzer (solo violin at Alfred Mellon's Orchestral Concerts, Covent Garden, his first appearance at Brighton). Conductor, Mr. Bond.

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**VIENNA.**—Herr R. Wagner and Herr Anton Rubinstein are expected to leave the capital in a day or two. The former returns to Carlsruhe, while the latter proceeds to Berlin and Leipsic. Through the vocal indisposition of Herr Ander they have both been disappointed in the object of their visit. Rubinstein again leaves Vienna without having heard his opera, while Wagner must await a more favourable opportunity for producing his *Tristan und Isolde*. It is the opinion of Herr Ander's medical attendants that he will not be able to reappear for a month at least. The Emperor of Russia has accepted the dedication of Herr Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Die Kinder der Haide*, and presented the publisher, Herr C. A. Spina, with the gold medal for Art and Science. The medal bears the inscription: "Præmii digno." Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, also, has bestowed a gold medal for Art and Science on Herr Wilhelm Krüger (!), the pianist, at present in Paris, while the King of Prussia has decorated Herr Batta, the violoncellist, with the Order of the Red Eagle, third class (!)

## MUSIC AND THEATRES IN PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

October 17th.

THERE is an equal dearth of artistic and political news. Editors and correspondents are gasping in a vacuum of facts, and the imagination of the penny-a-liner is strained to the verge of lunacy to fill up the abhorred void. The wildest "*canards*" are now in season. In long strings they swiftly traverse from continent to continent, the big ones protecting the little ones under their sheltering wings, and the whole air is filled with their discordant cries. Except occasionally to serve one up to you roasted at the fire of ridicule, and seasoned with the cayenne and lemon of caustic satire, I am not disposed to deal in this species of game, although licensed by the prerogative of custom. Therefore unadorned fact, however meagre the supply, shall be the only fare with which I shall treat your readers.

To begin with the *Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra*; whatever is to be said of note or novelty concerning this establishment must still be in the future tense. A special providence seems continually intervening to save the public from the infliction of Prince Poniatowski's lyrical gem, *Pierre de Médicis*, which was to have done its worst on the suffering audience weeks ago. This time Mad. Gueymard-Lauters is the scapegoat which averts the calamity, at the cost of her own individual suffering, in the shape of some "indisposition," which, let us hope, is only of that conventional kind to which vocalists, on whom much dependence is placed, are subject. There is a lozenge which professes to cure or avert the *aphonia clericorum* (*cacophonia* is the prevalent clerical complaint, however); but what "jujube" is to be given to Jubal when his lyre will not sound, and *vox faucibus hæret*? However, if *Pierre* is to come out at all, had not the operation better be performed at once? The suspense is perhaps as bad as the evil to be endured. Get well, then, dear Madame Gueymard: command your dear little larynx to be healed, and, by way of punishment for our incredulity on the subject of your ailment, pour out upon us the wrathful vials of Poniatowski-melody, and let the orchestra crush us under Poniatowski-harmonies, or, as we may say, counter-Poniatowski. The tenor, M. Michot, has the disorder of his order also upon him; for there seems to be a sort of vocal murrain: but in his case the public is deprived of a really great work, and, as is expected, a performance fully worthy of it. It is anticipated, however, that *Alceste* will, before the end of this month, at length see the light. I am informed that on the occasion of its production the newly-invented electrical metronome will be employed, of which M. Hector Berlioz had already availed himself at several large concerts, and by means of which the immense advantage is obtained of establishing a perfectly simultaneous "beat" between the chorus, or any instrumental performers on the stage, and the band in the orchestra. This important improvement will, no doubt, be in future generally adopted in all large lyrical theatres, and will greatly add to the perfection and completeness of operatic performances. Of thunder we have had enough and to boot in orchestras, and to introduce an electrical conductor by the side of the musical one was a very proper notion. The long-mooted question as to the introduction or not of dancing into *Alceste* has been settled in favour of the retention of the music Glück had written for a ballet. Accordingly, M. Petipa has been requested to devise means for the employment of a *corps de ballet* and *corphees*, and to invent a *pas de trois* of a suitable character to the airs which have been retained. It is fully

anticipated that this revival will be a great success, of which M. Michot will earn his share no less than Mad. Pauline Viardot. A musical paper mentions the date of the first production of *Alceste*, which was on the 25th of April, 1776, since when it has been four times revived—on the 22nd of October, 1779; on the 24th of February, 1786; on the 13th "Messidor," year "V," of the Republic, and on the 20th of April, 1825. Pending the interval ere the promised novelties are forthcoming, Mlle. Marie Sax, a young singer whose intelligence and progress have strongly interested the public of the Grand Opera in her favour, will make her reappearance in the *Trouvère* and *Robert le Diable*; for she too has been indisposed, only as ordinary mortals are, however, her position as yet being too modest to expose her to those more subtle maladies of which, should she rise, as there is every promise of her doing, she will, in time, no doubt have her share.

Postilions never die; and that magnificent old boy, that Methusalem in jackboots—*le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, considerably older than Adam, his progenitor—for poor Adolphe was cut off in his prime—is again in his sheepskin saddle, cracking his whip, and blowing his horn, in spite of railroads and locomotives. Poor old fellow!—he is not exactly the fastest of coaches, and instead of leaving his customers behind, like the deaf postboy in Cruikshank's caricature, they have rather distanced him. Nevertheless, the public are willing to humour the old boy, and laugh good-humouredly at his mumbled jests, his tottering swagger, and feeble briskness; and when he pipes out his "*Oh! qu'il est beau!*" clap their hands, and shout "*bravo!*" till the old one fancies himself as wild a young dog as ever. Well, let him. There are quite juvenile German postboys not worth him even now, and to whom he could give a start of two or three stages, and greet them, with his arm round the landlady's waist, at the end of the journey.

M. Montaubry, the son-in-law of Chollet, the original representative of the postilion, is said to be the only singer now in possession of the "traditions" of the part. All "traditions" being more or less respectable, and at any rate historically valuable, he may be congratulated on the fact. How is it some things get antiquated in so short a space of time, and others have a freshness which nothing can affect? Fashion—that baseless infatuation of the multitude—has much to do with the difference, no doubt. The figure of a man or a woman, dressed in a fashion that has been only a few years cast aside,

[A slip of our correspondent's letter having miscarried, the reader must fill up the inevitable gap as well as he is able.—ED.]

the manner of Prince Napoleon in his Pompeian house, write "*Cave canem*" upon his threshold. Though his old fangs were poisoned as the hooded snake's, never could it be said of this sad old dog that his bark was worse than his bite. Did you ever see him, hear him, in Don Giovanni? It is impossible to conceive anything more grotesquely bad; and I believe, save by a late rakish Prince, the Prince of Rakes was never so grossly caricatured. The public were a little taken aback by the disqualifications of this artist, who had been trumpeted previous to his engagement, and are sceptical now as to the merits of Signor delle Sedie, who, with Benaventano, is to fill up the vacancy left by Graziani. They say that if one is no better than the other, the two will hardly make up small change for their predecessor.



The papers abound here, *ad nauseam*, with fulsome anecdotes of Rossini, most of which, with the *bons mots* they record, are feeble inventions. The "Swan of Pesaro," as they call him, cackles like an old goose, if we are to believe his historiographer. But the old *maestro* must have foreseen and made up his mind to this plague of flies when he determined to settle down in Paris. An instance of the silliness and ignorance of these anecdote-mongers has just appeared in a contemporary. In recording a morning "serenade" (to use a barbarous contradiction which the absence of any corresponding term to "*aubade*" compels one to) given by the band of the Garde de Paris under the direction of M. Paulus, the chronicler states that a "*Tantum ergo*" of Rossini was performed, harmonised by the bandmaster. Rossini is said to have complimented M. Paulus by observing, "Your '*tantum ergo*' is better than mine." Now, as Rossini is known to have had a very poor estimate of the composition in question, the force of the compliment is destroyed—which, perhaps, is what was intended (there is no knowing). It is, I believe, certain that Rossini has made up his mind to give the world yet another token of his genius. Resolved as he seemed to have been that he would leave behind him no "*senilia*" that might bear traces of the inevitable effects of time on the most vigorous powers, the desire to contribute to the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Cherubini has caused him to set aside his determination; and probably it will be found that the laurel-tree of Apollo was not so dead within him but it could yet push forth a blossom worthy of his old self, of the art he has adorned, and of the brother artist whom he wished to honour. *Titan* is the title of this work, which is for a grand orchestra; and it will be played at a concert of the Conservatorium especially intended to procure funds for Cherubini's monument.

How old is Meyerbeer? is the popular question of the day. How young he is, has long been the popular exclamation. It matters little, the majority of sensible people will say. *Dinorah* was fresh enough for a stripling, but that no stripling could have kept his footing in its depth. The Germans, however, have a rage for accurate data, that is, precise dates; so they are comparing and discussing the various assertions and authorities on this point. Some say he is 70; some 65; some say 67. The day of the month (September) as well as the year in which he came into the world, is equally a point of discrepancy and dispute. I believe myself that he is not yet seventy; but what matters when a man was born who is destined to live for ever?

Have you heard that Mad. la Baronne Vigier—once known and admired as Sophie Cruvelli—is about to return to the stage? It is so reported, and being sufficiently probable, as well as pleasant to believe in, there is no reason why the rumour should not be accepted for a verity.

#### DUSSIK, DUSSEK, DUSCHEK.

(Written expressly for the MUSICAL WORLD and DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.)

But to Louis Ferdinand. This was that Prince whom Beethoven (Wegeler and Ries, p. 110) so highly (as he thought) complimented by telling him "he played not at all royally or princely, but like a strong pianist." From the various descriptions of him which I have seen, I have formed in fancy the picture (in 1802) of a man of thirty years of age, tall and noble in person, and of remarkable mental powers—a true case of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. It was his misfortune to be a prince of the Prussian royal house—not high enough in rank to be called into public political service—too high to engage in any useful occupation. His active, comprehensive

mind could not rest, and he threw himself at one time with all energy into literary and scientific studies—an old journal of the time informs its readers that Prince Louis Ferdinand is devoting himself to the study of Greek—then into artistic pursuits—then abandoned himself to dissipation in all forms—then suddenly allowed his better nature full play again, and so on. He fell in the fight at Saalfeld, Oct. 12, 1806.

As to his relations with Dussek, I translate from him who noticed in the *Leipzig Musik-Zeitung*, Aug. 19, 1807, Dussek's "Élégie harmonique sur la mort de S. A. R. le Prince Louis Ferdinand de Prusse," &c., from the late Ludwig Rellstab, in his *Reminiscences of Berlin Music*, in Bote and Bock's *Musical Journal* 1850, and from Spohr's "Selbstbiographie."

The former closes one of those beautifully involved German sentences which require a double-barrelled memory to retain the beginning to the end, in about these terms:—"The bad principle drew him (Prince Louis Ferdinand) deeply into stupefying sensual pleasures; the good attracted him most powerfully to that art, which has less to do with earth than any other occupation of heart and soul—music. And now must he attempt the destruction of a world and the creation of one, new and more beautiful—or rather annihilate his old self, and give the better part of his being free course. Fate, and those to whom in his outward circumstances he was subject, gave him opportunity to effect the latter, and he embraced it."

"In his latter days—I mean to say the last five or six years of his life—in which he turned again to music with all the fiery ardour of his soul, as the means of pouring out his feelings, and of finding nobler and purer recreation, and occasional hours, at least, of peace of mind—at this period came Herr Dussek to Berlin. The Prince had, indeed, studied music in his youth, and had never wholly neglected it; but his soul was now, for the first time, open to its hidden worth—to its higher and more spiritual value. He had, just now, need of a man who could aid him in learning to express fully and correctly what he wished to say, through musical tones; who could fully enter into the spirit of that which he produced, and enjoy it with him; who could afford him intellectual food in productions exquisitely suited to the feelings and taste of the Prince; and who, finally, apart from their common art, would prove an amiable and pleasant companion. All this he found in Dussek in a higher degree than in all the other musicians of his acquaintance. Dussek was all this to him, and the Prince, in return, was all in all to Dussek."

"And, in fact, Dussek must have been to this prince what no other person could—speaking now, of course, only in regard to their musical relations. His strength, as a composer, lies, in my opinion, in the peculiar, new, striking and brilliant character of his invention, and—in the matter of working out his ideas—in the fire and soul, which are seldom wanting in his compositions; and just these characteristics are what we find in the compositions of the prince. Dussek's playing is astounding in execution, sure, fiery, always effective—it is, in all respects, what is now-a-days called the *grand style*—I use the term to distinguish it from the *galant*, the highly ornamented, delicate manner of playing (for instance, Himmel's); and such was the performance of Louis Ferdinand—only not so pure and neat as Dussek's. Hence arose relations between them, which justify Dussek in saying, in the few lines of preface accompanying the work under notice, 'L'auteur, qui a eu le bonheur de jouir du commerce très-intime de S. A. R., ne l'a quitté qu'au moment où il a versé son précieux sang pour sa patrie,'—relations which give him the right to express, in the art they both so highly prized, his feeling at the hero's death, and to offer this work to the glorious manes of the deceased."

Now from Rellstab, who is speaking of the early years of this century and in relation to Berlin:—

"The pianoforte, which in its independence of other instruments and in all classes of society, in so far as they have anything to do with music, plays the most important part, had (in Berlin) several most distinguished names among its votaries. The favourite player of Berlin, and decidedly the first in most delicate purity, elegance, and finish of style, was Himmel, a man created by nature to be the central point in the *musical salons*, an expression not then in vogue. But far greater, and most decidedly so, was Dussek, not only as virtuoso, but as composer for the instrument. He had,

moreover, obtained a corresponding European fame, while Himmel was but a local celebrity, although as such he had been raised to the pinnacle of admiration and favour. To these names belongs a third—that of Prince Louis Ferdinand; these three formed, through a period of considerable length, an almost inseparable artistic brotherhood."

Passing over what is said of Himmel, here follow the remarks upon Dussek and the Prince.

"I now come to Dussek. It is not possible for me at least to picture him as one of the musical celebrities of that period; he belongs more especially to an earlier one (the close of the last century), and was only traditionally known in the particular period which is now under consideration. He was incontestably a greater virtuoso than Himmel, one of the first of European pianoforte celebrities. He had in his eminent technical resources a much wider basis for various development, and, both as player and composer, had done far more for the elevation of the instrument than Himmel; so that he rightly demands a place in the history of the pianoforte to which the other, in spite of his local and well-earned reputation, can no way lay claim. We, in fact, are hardly justified in speaking of Dussek in this place; but then he had occupied a position in the musical art of Berlin which is vividly felt even in our own period. He was joined with the ingenious Prince Louis Ferdinand in a close musical union, the influence of which is in the highest degree valuable.

"The Prince, whose heroic death added immensely to the significance of his life, was at that time an artistic power in society, which, though perhaps owing somewhat to his rank for its splendour, must have been in and for itself of the greatest importance, so intimately combined with, and so transfused through all his other generous personal qualities, was the artistic side of his nature. In him were combined in fullest measure the noblest powers and instincts for love and art, which, it is true, had to struggle with a sensual element, spirited and fiery, in working their way to a pure development and the noble end for which they were bestowed; but which in this very conflict and struggle were something grand and of noble portent."

What is said now of the Prince's pianoforte playing is out of place here, and I pass on to where Dussek's name again appears.

"The Prince played a great deal in company with Dussek; several compositions for two pianofortes and many others for four hands plainly owe their origin to the relations between the great virtuoso and the richly endowed Prince. Himmel, also, as before stated, was often their companion in play, in the real signification of the term, and both Himmel and Dussek were the Prince's favourite associates at the wine cup. What sort of influence in these matters Dussek may have exerted upon the character of the Prince is to me unknown; but Himmel possessed, as we have indicated, that lively and joyous, that good-natured and amiable view of life, which is like the sparkling foam of champagne, and which is, as a rule, the most welcome when brothers in art of high intellectual qualities make the full glasses ring. And so the Prince, Himmel, and Dussek formed a musical triad, each exciting, vivifying, and strengthening the others—but in which Dussek, as a virtuoso upon the pianoforte, decidedly took the first place."

Spohr had come, (winter of 1804-5), *via* Dresden, to Berlin, with the singer Rosa Albergli, where he appeared with her in a concert (March 13, 1805).

While making arrangements for this concert, he presented his letters of introduction, and was invited to several music parties.

"The second music party—to which my fellow-traveller was also invited—was at Prince Louis Ferdinand's. We drove thither together, and were most politely received by our host. We found there a very distinguished company—men adorned with orders, women dressed in the height of fashion, and the first artists of Berlin. I met here, also, an old Hamburg acquaintance, the celebrated pianoforte virtuoso and composer, Dussek, who was now the prince's teacher, and lived with him. The music began with a pianoforte quartet, which was played by him in real artistic perfection. Then I followed. Made wiser by my recent mistake [Spohr had played one of Beethoven's quartets, Op. 18, at Prince Radziewill's, to the disgust of his auditors], I chose to-day only compositions in which I could exhibit my powers as a violinist, namely, a quartet and the variations in G, by Rode. My playing

gained the liveliest applause, and Dussek, especially, seemed to be enchanted with it. My beloved Rosa also gained universal commendation by her singing of an air, to which Dussek played the accompaniment.

"After the musical performances were over, the Prince gave one of the ladies his arm, and led the way, every gentleman, at a hint from him, following his example, into the dining-room, where a splendid meal was served. Each man seated himself without ceremony by the lady whom he had conducted to the room; I by my dear fellow-traveller. At first, the conversation, though free and easy, was not indecent. But when the champagne began to foam in the glasses, things were said unfit for the modest ears of an innocent girl. I, therefore, as soon as I discovered that these fashionable women did not, as I had supposed, belong to the court, but more likely to the ballet, began to devise means of secretly getting away with my companion. I succeeded in getting to my coach without attracting the attention of the company, and without hindrance, and returned with Rosa to her mother. Next day I was told that the Prince's music parties generally ended with such orgies."

In the autumn of the same year, in October apparently, Spohr was again with the Prince and Dussek, of which he writes thus:—

"Before I entered upon my new office [concert-master at Gotha] I received a letter from Dussek, who wrote me that his patron, Prince Louis Ferdinand, was going to attend the grand military manoeuvres at Magdeburg, and desired me to be his guest during that time, and to take part in the musical performances which he intended to give. The Prince, he said, would write to the Duke and gain for me leave of absence. This was at once granted. I journeyed, therefore, to Magdeburg, and found in the house which the Prince had engaged for himself and his followers a chamber designed for me.

"Here I led a strange, wildly boisterous life, which, however, for a short time was very welcome to my youthful tastes. Often at six o'clock in the morning I, as well as Dussek, was driven out of bed and sent in dressing-gown and slippers to the Prince in the reception-room, where, in consequence of the great heat of the weather, he was already sitting at the pianoforte in a still thinner costume—often with nothing on but his shirt and drawers. Now began the trying over and rehearsal of music for the evening, and this, through the Prince's zeal, would often last so long, that the hall would become by degrees filled with officers in all their stars and orders. The costume of the musicians then contrasted strangely enough with the brilliant uniforms of the courtiers. However, this was not of the slightest importance to the Prince, who never ceased until everything went to his satisfaction. Now we made our toilets in all haste, took breakfast, and then rode out to the manoeuvres. . . . But the Prince was soon recalled from his Magdeburg exile, and I, dismissed with hearty thanks by the Prince, could return to Brunswick. Dussek told me, when I took leave of him, that the Prince had intended to make me a present, but there was such an ebb in his finances that he was forced to put it off to some later and more fortunate time. That time, however, never came, as the Prince next year met his fate at Saalfeld."

It is difficult to get at the truth in relation to any one born to a title on the continent. We get nothing but eulogies. For princes the decalogue is printed without negatives. And so this Prince Louis Ferdinand is made a hero; indeed, some woman or other in Berlin has written a long, wearisome novel of the Herihst Rau and Elise Polko order, founded upon the Prince's history. God be thanked that English and American writers have not yet sunk so low as to make Byron, Nelson, and men of that stamp, the subjects of weak romances, nor the English and American public so low as to purchase works of the kind. Thus far, this kind of literature is reserved for our French and German neighbours. Mrs. Stowe's use of Aaron Burr, in the "Minister's Wooing," was not so successful as to lead to a repetition of the mistake, it is to be hoped.

The truth in regard to Louis Ferdinand clearly is, that the ruined debauchee, a man naturally of splendid qualities and uncommon talent, after having exhausted his powers of sensual pleasure, compounded with his creditors and squared accounts with

the world by—unnecessarily throwing away in the skirmish at Saalfeld a life not worth preserving. A man is known by the company he keeps, and hence the intimacy between Dussek and Louis Ferdinand is that which gives the worst impression of the moral character of the former.

(To be continued in our next.)

### THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

(From the *St. James's Magazine*.)

LONDON may fairly be considered an enormous Cyclopædia of History, of which nearly every street forms a volume, and every house a chapter. To the reflective mind it is peopled by the past as well as by the present inhabitants. We think of Dr. Johnson in Fleet Street; of Oliver Goldsmith in Green Arbour Court. Memories rush upon us more thickly in our public buildings, for they connect themselves with so large a variety of our fellow-men and their acts—whether they be political, religious, charitable, or merely speculative—that the edifices for the due discharge of the duties thus called forth, whether the House of Parliament or the South Sea House, abound in suggestions which may worthily employ the mind. It is recorded of the great French *tragédienne*, Rachel, that on the morning of her last departure from Paris, she rose at early dawn and went alone in a small open carriage to the theatre which was the scene of her professional triumph, and, stopping in front of it, in the silent morning indulged, undisturbed, in a last reverie of retrospection, which restored to her mind long-past glories in her professional career. There is something intensely melancholy in a closed or deserted place of amusement; it is all the more sombre because it is created to be gay. A theatre by daylight is ghastly in its wretchedness. Vauxhall never gave the idea of a pleasant garden. Yet all such places abound in memories of exciting scenes, of triumphs in dramatic or vocal art, over which the delighted professional or enthusiastic amateur will descend during his mortal career with pleasure.

Less gloomy than the theatre, the concert-room and the ball-room have still a *tristesse* of their own. The visions of "fair women and brave men" who have whirled away hours of happiness in the large, dull, comfortless saloon that even "Almack's" looks by day, can scarcely relieve the feeling of sadness that its blank immensity produces on the mind. The Hanover Square Rooms, when they echo in the same way to a solitary footfall, are dull enough; and it requires a strong imagination to invest them with the life and enthusiasm so frequently exhibited there, when each seat has hardly held down its excited occupant, as strains "to which gods might listen and admire" have burst forth from the now deserted orchestra.

The English, it will be allowed, are at the present time a "musical" nation; and there is no great capital where a purer class of music is enjoyed, understood, and more generally patronised, than in London. True, we may have an abundance of vulgarities, may patronise "nigger" melodies, and other works of still more questionable taste; but it must always be remembered that the larger mass of the community have not, and cannot have, the educational refinement necessary to the appreciation of a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn. This large public must be provided for in its own particular way; and hence mere organ-grinding may find its grateful listeners to applaud and reward it.

The rise and spread of a higher class musical taste in England is due to a vast amount of perseverance, and no small share of the direst persecution. John Bull delighted in his old ballads and dance-tunes; very properly too, say we; but, as is so usual with him, he believed in nothing else. "Greensleeves," "Selling the Round," "Old Sir Simon the King," "Arthur-a-Bradley," and others of that class, enlivened him at country wakes, May-day festivals, and election balls. They were as exhilarating as brandy-punch, and he wished for no other music. The more refined strains of Italy, where harmony sometimes superseded melody, were to him as mawkish as *cau sucrée* offered in place of his strong drinks. He could not take the dose quietly, and with true Bull-like ferocity sallied forth with the only argument he knew how to use, the *argumentum baculinum*, and with "beef-fed" sinews, of which he boasted, did he show the "frog-eating" foreigners that themselves and their music were equally unpalatable to him.

The rioting at theatres when Italian singers first attempted operas in London, in its violence, and its success in banishing them for a time, might excite our doubt of its truth, could we not remember similar scenes enacted but a few years ago, when a company of French actors intended to occupy Drury Lane. In the end, musical art triumphed; but the victory was not won without the battle.

It was chiefly due to individual energy, and that of the humblest

class, that concerts became fashionable and regularly established in London. The first meeting deserving the name was held in a remote part of the town, unfit for genteel resort, and, when reached, deficient in proper accommodation.

"It was in the dwelling of Thomas Britton—one who gained his livelihood by selling about the streets small coal, which he carried on his back—that a periodical performance of music took place, to which were invited people of the first consequence. The house was in Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell; the room of performance was over the coal shop; and, strange to tell, Tom Britton's concert was the weekly resort of the old, the young, the gay, and the fair of all ranks, including the highest order of nobility."

Such is Sir John Hawkins's account of this singular origin of popular concerts. But Thomas Britton, it should be observed, was no ordinary man; he was well described as "a lover of learning, a performer in music, and a companion for a gentleman any day of his life." In carrying his charcoal about town for sale, Tom naturally passed book-stalls and shops where "curiosities of literature" would be hidden from all but the student of books. When he arrived at such a spot, he rested his sack on the ground, freed his hands from his coal-measure, and searched for bibliographical treasures. In this way he obtained a most curious library of rare books, and could, on stated occasions, join noblemen and gentlemen in Paternoster Row, and talk with them over their mutual good fortune in meeting with rarities. Britton played the bass-viol; and the social tastes that brought book-collectors of all ranks together enabled him to do the same for music. The large room over his coal-shed was given gratis for their use. The concerts were gratis also, and the best men in London played at them; the visitors being well-known amateurs and nobles, who did not disdain a scramble up the ladder that led from the coal-shed to the concert-room, rewarded as they were sure to be by the best music.

"Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell  
Did gentle peace and arts, unpurchased dwell."

Cibber, in his famed "Apology," has noted the difficulties which beset the introduction of foreign singers to the English stage. This was in the early years of the last century, when, as he phrases it, "the Italian Opera first began to steal into England, but in as rude a disguise and as unlike itself as possible; in a lame hobbling translation into our own language, with false quantities or metre out of measure to its original notes, sung by our own unskilful voices, with graces misapplied to almost every sentiment, and with action lifeless and unmeaning through every character." Then came the strange mixture of English and foreign singers in the same opera; the natives singing in the vernacular, the foreigners responding in Italian, than which nothing can be conceived more absurd, or more destructive of art.

It was in 1710 that the first Italian opera, *Almahide*, was represented entirely by Italian artists. An English singer of eminence, Mrs. Tofts, however, occasionally played with them when the greatest stars among them appeared. This lady seems to have fallen easily into an imitation of that greed for money and applause which was popularly believed to belong to foreigners, by such as judged from some few glaring examples. She, however, seems to have combined with it many other unpopular traits, which led to the following epigram:—

"So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,  
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;  
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,  
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died."

Large salaries were paid to singers from the Continent from the very earliest time of their importation; in addition to which it became a fashion with rich amateurs to make them money presents; favourite ladies, like Mingotti, obtained heavy drafts on noblemen's bankers, which one lady of rank imitated by sending Farinelli one for two hundred pounds.

Crowds of nobility and gentry were attracted about the same time to Drury Lane, to witness the performance of operas, in which the principal characters were sustained by an Italian named Valentini, in his own language, while the remainder of the songs and recitative were sung and recited by Englishmen in English—an absurdity which has seldom been surpassed. Vanbrugh and Congreve endeavoured to profit by the prevailing taste, and produced an opera called *The Triumph of Love*, translated from the Italian, with the songs adapted to the original music. It, however, met with no success; and after being thrice performed was withdrawn. Owen M'Sweeney, the first Director of the Opera, was ultimately ruined; and so capricious was the public, that Cibber records, "We have seen even Farinelli singing to an audience of five-and-thirty-pounds."

A Swiss adventurer, named Heidegger, obtained the favour of the great in the reign of George I., and he was appointed Director of Music and Masquerades to the monarch and court. Under his auspices, Faustina, Cuzzoni, Farinelli and others appeared, and reaped large harvests in England. Feuds among the *cognoscenti* ran high on the subject of



the abilities of their favourites. Cibber, in somewhat quaint language, says, "These costly canary-birds have sometimes infested the whole body of our dignified lovers of music with the same childish animosities. Ladies have been known to decline their visits, upon account of their being of a different musical party." The disputes between Cuzzoni and Faustina for precedence, in the summer of 1727, completely broke up the fashionable world into partisans of one or other. The extreme of this musical *fièvre* has been immortalised by Hogarth in one of the plates of "The Rake's Progress," where a small engraving, cast upon the ground of the Rake's morning-room, exhibits Farinelli enthroned as Apollo; kneeling ladies offer their hearts on the altar before him, exclaiming, "One God—one Farinelli!"—a phrase absolutely made use of by one fair leader of *ton*. Hogarth was as bigoted an Englishman as any could be, and his works abound with bold hits at the foreign singers and the un-English tastes they generated.

It was in the year 1720 that a plan was adopted for a more regular and certain support to the lyrical drama and concert than could be ensured by the casual attendance of the public. A fund of 50,000*l.* was raised by subscription, of which sum 1,000*l.* was contributed by King George the First. The project was placed under the management of a Governor, Deputy-governor, and twenty Directors, and called the Royal Academy of Music. To render the design as complete as possible, not only the chief vocal performers, but a lyric poet, and three of the best composers then in Europe who could be prevailed upon to visit this country, were soon afterwards engaged, viz., Attilia, Handel, and Bononcini. Gallini was at this time manager of the Opera House; but his days were disturbed by continued feuds, particularly as to the superiority of the two last-named composers. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann in 1741, tells him, "The Opera is to be on the French system of dancers, scenes, and dresses."

Handel had by this time ensured his success as a popular musician by the production of works especially suited to the English taste. In fact, he was so completely identified therewith, that the Italian party expressly opposed him, and ultimately had a sufficient influence to deaden the effect of his greatest work, the *Messiah*, and compel him to visit Ireland, where a greater welcome attended him. Walpole was evidently no friend to the great Saxon, and notes his success on his return to England in no complimentary strain:—"Handel," he says, "has set up an oratorio against the operas, and succeeds. He has hired all the goddesses from farces, and the singers of 'Roast Beef' from between the acts, at both theatres; with a man with one note in his voice, and a girl without ever a one; and so they sing, and make brave hallelujahs; and the good company encore the recitative, if it happens to have any cadence like what they call a tune."

The success which now attended oratorio or concert at last induced their patrons to think of a befitting place for their performance. The theatres or the public rooms of taverns were felt to be inappropriate; and, under the auspices of royalty, the Hanover Square Rooms were completed by Sir John Gallini. They combine concert and ball rooms; but it is only with the former that we have now to do. It is a noble room, measuring 95 feet in length by 35 in width, and is capable of holding 800 persons. The low-arched roof is well adapted for sound. The emblematic paintings upon it are by Cipriani, and are good examples of an artist most popularly known in England by the numerous engravings after his designs, by Bartolozzi. The same artists designed and executed the concert-tickets for many years—works once highly-prized by collectors. The concert-room seems to speak only of past glories; in its palmy days it was one of the wonders of London, and its decorations considered as the *ne plus ultra* of gorgeous taste. It has lived to be superseded by more splendid and convenient rooms, where good music can be heard at a tithe of former cost. Still, the old room, for its time, was elegant—with its delicate paintings, white and gold enrichments, and walls panelled with looking-glass. The royal box, too, in front of the orchestra, insensibly calls to mind the good old George the Third, with his queen and family, enjoying the strains of sound English music as unpretentiously as any of his subjects below.

The change of taste, the establishment of other music-halls, and the love of novelty so characteristic of the "great public," has condemned Hanover Square Rooms to destruction; and houses or warehouses may in a short time occupy their site. Let us, then, linger a few moments within walls so often "eloquent with sweet sounds" from vocalists and musicians who have delighted us and our forefathers. In 1776 the Concerts of Ancient Music were established, "to keep alive a love for the works of the older masters," a rage for novelty at that time threatening to throw all the compositions of the olden time into oblivion. In 1812, the Philharmonic Concerts were established, to cultivate instrumental music; and it boasted one of the finest bands in Europe; an engagement as a member thereof giving a musician high standing in his profession. Haydn and Weber have superintended their own works

at these concerts; while a host of singers have appeared on the platform to enchant all listeners. From 1808 to 1810, Mad. Catalani, the most celebrated of *prima donnas*, carried all before her in a series of concerts here, in absolute opposition to the greatest English singers of the time, who were arrayed against her at the Opera Concert Rooms, and included Mrs. Billington and Braham. But it is invidious to name any great departed vocalist or musician in connection with these Rooms, which have echoed to the music of the greatest in the art from their opening night to the present time.

It is possible for the thoughtful man to sit in this deserted room and dream over its past glories, even as Rachel sat in the quiet morning and thought, opposite the theatre which had been the scene of her professional victories. In the loneliness of solitude the mind often best expands itself. Crowds, excitement, and confusion go to make the public triumph; but calm contemplation gives that triumph its due value. As you gaze on the lonely rooms, visions of the past fill the void; from king to commoner crowd the seats, and all that has made music a living art throng the orchestra. They pass before the mental vision a long array of brilliant spirits, whose enjoyment of an exquisite art has been quadrupled by giving intense enjoyment to their fellows, and lightened most innocently and pleasantly the load of care each is doomed to bear in life. The world owes its deepest debt of gratitude to the professors of the fine arts, and perhaps most of all to that of music, for much of the purest and best gratification at its command.

But it would not be just to the old Rooms, or to the English character, if we neglected to note the high and holy purposes of charity to which they have been occasionally devoted. How many are the good works that have been first promulgated, and the divine music of "a heart singing with joy," vibrating among the poor, the widow, and the orphan, through the eloquent appeals that have been made here—and never made in vain. The worthless profligate, Charles the Second, was so impressed by that benevolence of the Dutch, that he is said to have declared, when that country was in peril, "he believed God would always help Holland, because of its abounding charities." Let us hope the same for England. Cold and unsocial as we may occasionally be, like the Hollanders we have a hand "open as the day to sacred charity." How many thousand kind hearts have beat in unison, all desirous to do good, while meeting on this pious errand here!

We leave the old Rooms with kindly thoughts—pleasant memories only float about them; and when they are doomed to destruction, we shall feel that another link with the great and good departed has been broken in the world of London.

### Letters to the Editor.

SIR,—Since last I wrote you on the subject of our professor's organ, or, as one of the papers here called it, the professor's toy, I have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing it. It is certainly a fine organ, but entirely lost where it is, and I think many parts of it of no earthly use to a lecturer on music: the only useful part is the barrel, where you can at pleasure hear any of the fine parts singly played or all together. I also heard this wonderful mixture of sounds, viz. the 14 rank stop. Can the professor not find a new name for it? I would propose "furniture" (an old name for mixtures), with the addition of "kitchen," for it certainly has a good deal the sound of such articles; but, according to acoustics, I find it perfectly correct, and nothing new, so we cannot call it Donaldson's mixture. I find it laid down by the theoretical portion of music as discovered by Aristoxenus, Pythagoras, Lasus, Euclid, Prolemy, and others among the great fathers of musical science; but the whole of it may be said to be the sum of a confused multitude of different sounds, whose undulations, being inconcinuous and contrary, disconcert and distract the sense.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.  
Edinburgh, October 17th, 1861. HOMOPHONY.

SIR,—Will you kindly favour me with the address of E. Willis Fletcher, author of "His Eyes," Aug. 17, 1861?—I am, Sir, &c.  
October 15th, 1861. JAMES LEA SUMMERS.

[Author of "His Eyes," you're wanted.—ED.]

### MADAME DARIO.

SIR,—Having seen in the MUSICAL WORLD of this week the names of the artists engaged by Mr. Beale for Mad. Gris's tour, I beg to call your attention to the name of Mad. Dario, whom you named Davis. Trusting that you will correct the error, I remain, yours, &c.  
12th October, 1861. A. VIANESI.

## DEATH.

Friday, October 4th, at his residence, 29 St. James Street, Mr. William Card, aged 73.

## NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'Clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

THE programme for the sixth season of the Royal English Opera is now before the public. The company, in almost every department, is strong; the catalogue of new works unusually imposing. No less than nine new operas and operettas are promised, together with the production of Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, which, as far as regards the performance at Covent Garden, may be termed a novelty. Are Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison veritably bent on bringing out all these works? We have no doubt it is in their contemplation; but we fear, in this instance, the wish is "father to the thought." However, we may conclude that all are *in prospectu*, and should one fail, that another is ready to take its place. Success may render impossible the production of one half of those mentioned, which, indeed, we hope may be the case, since we should infinitely prefer having to record a breach of promise on the part of the directors to chronicling one failure in the season. That the management should be prepared for the worst was no more than right; but their fears, we fancy, have outrun their policy.

Let us examine the list of new operas and operettas. They are as follows:—*Ruy Blas*, an opera in four acts, by Mr. Howard Glover, librettist (unknown); the *Puritan's Daughter*, an opera by Mr. Balfe, librettist Mr. J. V. Bridgeman; a romantic opera by Mr. Benedict, librettists Messrs. John Oxenford and Dion Boucicault; an opera by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, librettist Mr. J. R. Planché; an opera by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, librettist Mr. John Oxenford; a new opera by M. Gounod, entitled *Faust and Marguerite*, librettist Mr. H. F. Chorley; an operetta called the *Toy-maker*, by Mr. George Linley, librettist Mr. George Linley; an operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay, librettist Mr. Tom Taylor; and an operetta by Mr. J. Maddison Morton, librettist not transpired. Here is food for infinite speculation. Can British musicians now say they are neglected? After this, can the cry be raised of undue preference being shown to foreign talent? Of a verity we think that a testimonial of English metal, of English manufacture, and with an English inscription, should be presented by English composers to Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison.

Mr. Howard Glover's *Ruy Blas* is the first new opera to

be presented; the season will be inaugurated with it on Monday. *Ruy Blas* was put into rehearsal at the latter end of last season, but was withdrawn, composer and managers agreeing that there would not be sufficient time for its proper and complete production. From this work a great deal is anticipated. Mr. Howard Glover is one of the most earnest and deep-searching labourers in the vineyard of music. Many opportunities have not been afforded him for demonstrating that eminent dramatic talent which first showed itself in the cantata of *Tam O'Shanter*, and culminated in the Ossianic drama of *Comale*. On Monday night we fully expect the composer will take his revenge for all past slights of fortune.

Mr. Balfe is busy on the *Puritan's Daughter*, which, we learn from a confidential quarter, is likely to prove one of his masterpieces. As a morning contemporary asserts, "For the first time the popular composer, in the co-operation of Mr. J. V. Bridgeman," has found a scribe (query *Scribe*?) of whom he need not be thoroughly ashamed."

The opera upon which the pen of Mr. Benedict is employed is, we believe, a version of the *Colleen Bawn* of M. Boucicault. The difficulties the composer has to contend against are unusually great, but not insurmountable to talent and experience like that possessed by the author of the *Gipsy's Warning* and the *Crusaders*.

What the new opera of Messrs. Macfarren and Oxenford is we know not (unless it be *Hamlet*), nor what the new opera of Messrs. Wallace and Planché. The new opera of Messrs. Gounod and Chorley is not new.

The operetta of the *Toy-maker* will exhibit Mr. George Linley, not for the first time, as musician and poet. In one respect Mr. George Linley may be denominated the Robert Wagner of England, Ireland, and Scotland, since he writes his own librettos. It is unfortunate that Mr. George Linley's operetta should be announced for production the same night as Mad. Jenny Lind's appearance at Exeter Hall; not because persons would be won away from the *Toy-maker* to *Elijah*, but because all the musical reporters will be doing duty in the Strand.

The operetta by Mr. Frederick Clay will claim our tenderest regard. Mr. Clay is a highly-accomplished amateur, and an enthusiast to boot. We shall look forward with much interest to Mr. Clay's new work. That Mr. Tom Taylor, the universal and eternal, will find him a capital book cannot be doubted.

The operetta by Mr. Maddison Morton will constitute a literary puzzle. That an author who has kept the London world laughing for years by the whimsicality and absurdity of his farces should, all at once, turn his serious attention to the composition of music, is perhaps unparalleled in the history of the art. In commencing with an operetta, Mr. Morton judiciously indicates that he is willing at the onset to try his pinions at a low flight, before he ventures to soar into the empyrean of grand opera. We await with the utmost impatience and keenest anxiety the new operetta from the pen of Mr. Maddison Morton.

That Mr. Macfarren's *Robin Hood* is to be produced cannot fail to gratify all the lovers of good music. One difficulty only will present itself to the directors—to whom to assign the part of the outlaw, as we understand Mr. Harrison has declined it.

It only remains to supply a list of the company. The sopranos are Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Guerrabella, and Miss Thirlwall; contraltos, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Topham, and Miss Jessie McLean—one contralto, by the bye, to each soprano; tenors, Messrs. W. Harrison, Henry Haigh, A. St.



Albyn, and C. Lyall; basses and barytones, Messrs. Santley, Henry Corri, Patey, Theodore Distin, Eugene Dussek, T. Wallworth, and George Honey. Most of these are old names and true. The strangers are Mad. Guerrabella and Miss Jessie McLean—that is, strangers to the English stage. Mad. Guerrabella sang last season at the Philharmonic Concerts, and left a favourable impression as a singer of the bravura school, almost as a Rossinian singer. To what account the foreign lady is to be turned in an English company we cannot guess. Miss Susan Pyne's return to her old post is a move in the right direction. This lady should never have quitted her old post. The reinstalment, too, of Mr. Santley and Mr. George Honey must afford unqualified satisfaction to the subscribers and patrons of the theatre.

What more need be said? Best of all, that Mr. Alfred Mellon is at the head of the orchestral department—sufficient guarantee that the band and chorus will be as complete and efficient as ever.

THE free objectivity with which Handel treated every character and every situation, however foreign they might in reality be to him, and the way in which he saw through and brought out their most inward significance, is truly wonderful. How strong a mind, bearing within itself all the primitive types of man, must have been granted to an artist who, even to his extreme old age, kept continually creating new shapes, each fresh one surpassing in grandeur its predecessor, while the last eclipsed them all! How great, too, must have been his stores of musical creative power, when nearly half a century of incessant productivity was not enough to exhaust him! Such original strength and elasticity of mind—which disasters that would now-a-days crush our nature were scarcely capable of bending, far less of breaking—we may perhaps imagine poetically and historically admire, but must not expect to meet again. One uninterrupted struggle with adverse circumstances and never-ending artistic creation terminated in the total loss of the little property acquired by Handel during a period of twenty years. All this might obscure his mind, and bring with it bodily illness; but, after a few baths at Aix-la-Chapelle, he again sat before his organ, the same great and unyielding nature, which, in the midst of either happiness or misfortune, could never be diverted from its path. Whoever, indeed, approaches the circle of Handel's influence is drawn towards it by the strength which a pure character, a large heart, and a clear sound mind inevitably possess. No wonder that German critics and biographers, in the course of their extensive historical researches, should feel compelled to linger when they came to this "man-mountain" (as they tell us we English call him), in order to point out what true artistic life and feeling ought to be.

Among our contemporaries abroad, few possess a better right than Handel's last biographer\*, to give an impressive lesson as to how musical history should be written, and what course musical literature must pursue, in order not to neglect important questions for the sake of passing events, disputes on technics, and mere subjective phrase-making. The task of writing a good musical history is still accounted an enterprise of doubtful issue, but the second volume of the *Life of Handel* confirms the hopes awakened by the first, that in its author may be found the precise historian in request. Besides an extensive knowledge of music and polite literature, this diligent writer possesses a

\* Chrysander.

great facility in reading scores; his quick eye does not allow the slightest points to escape, while his comprehension of the whole from a part, as well as of the connection between idea and form, is that of a thoroughly educated artist. The most absolute positiveness, and consequently unbiassed truth, are principles which, under no circumstances, does he quit, till he has followed them up to the furthest limits that human sagacity can reach. That his natural position should attach him more closely to one object than to another, is therefore not less natural; but that we are always obliged to recognise as correct the light in which he views his subject, both as a whole and in detail, justifies so much the more the confidence unanimously reposed in his statements. Nor would we, for anything, miss his warmth of artistic susceptibility, since it has nothing in common with over-hasty enthusiasm or personal feeling, but is invariably the result of correct appreciation.

The sympathy between Chrysander and Handel is especially close, being based upon cognate traits of character. Like Handel, his biographer possesses unshakeable industry, sharpness of observation, the desire for education embracing all departments of life, and truth towards himself, combined with impersonality towards others. Such men, who ennoble the present by continually directing our attention to what is highest in art, are the real workers of the Future. The manufacturers of turgid, sentimental art-novels, will lay Chrysander's last and best book aside with a certain degree of aversion, and find only poverty in its critical wealth, on seeing the destruction of many of their ideals, and being compelled to view Faustina or Farinelli in a somewhat different light from that to which they have been accustomed. Let them, nevertheless, ignore the work; they could only make a wrong use of it by pillaging its contents. There have been silly abstractions enough dressed up in historical suits, and adorned, as a modern critic remarks, "with a cast-off wig of Friedemann Bach, or a faded coat of Calvesius."

THE accounts in connection with the "Festival of the Three Choirs," held at Hereford last month, are now completed, and the results show a very satisfactory state of things in a considerably diminished deficiency and increased receipts for the charity which these festivals were established to uphold. The collections in behalf of the charity at the previous festival (1858) amounted in the aggregate to 1064*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*, the largest sum, with one exception, ever till then realised at Hereford. This year the receipts for the charity amount to 1069*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* The general account (for 1861) shows the following results as compared with the festival of 1858:—*Receipts*, 2400*l.* 1*s.* 11*d.*; 1858, 1657*l.* 19*s.* *Expenditure*, 2748*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*; 1858, 2412*l.* 9*s.* 1*d.* *Deficiency*, 348*l.* 18*s.*; 1858, 755*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* This deficiency (348*l.*) will have to be made up by contributions from a guarantee fund subscribed by the public and by the stewards, the 1069*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* received at the doors of the cathedral for the charity being handed over to the fund without any deduction whatever.

At the audit of the accounts Mr. J. H. Arkwright, of Hampton Court, in compliance with a wish generally expressed, consented to continue in office as chairman until the next festival, in 1864. Thanks were voted to the Right Rev. the Bishop of Hereford, and to the Very Rev. the Dean, "for the effective aid and countenance rendered by them to the music meeting, and for their hospitality" dispensed during the festival week. Thanks were also voted

to Mr. G. Townsend Smith, the conductor and hon. secretary, "for his indefatigable exertions in making the necessary arrangements for the musical festival, and bringing it to its successful issue." Thanks, in short, to everybody except to the representatives of the London press, who travel all the way from the metropolis to aid the charity, by giving the widest publicity to the proceedings at the triennial music meetings, which so materially help to support it. Nearly thirty gentlemen have already put down their names as stewards for the next Hereford Festival. The meeting of next year will be held at Gloucester.

AS we fully agree with the principle that what is for the general good should be as widely circulated as possible, whether strictly belonging to our columns or not, the more especially when there is little doubt that our musical readers are quite as much interested as any other portion of the public in learning the progress of a sister science in combating peculiar forms of disease, we have, therefore, much pleasure in announcing that Dr. O'Connor, one of the physicians to the Royal Free Hospital, promises, early in November, a work on the "*Successful Treatment of Neuralgia and other Painful Diseases*." With the authority of such a name, and the opportunities of experience at a public institution, there can be little doubt but that the volume will prove a boon to the sufferers from this terrible complaint, so peculiar to our English climate, the more especially when the wintry winds are blowing, and so afflicting to musicians, whether singers, players, or composers.

**THE LATE MR. CARD.**—We very much regret to announce the death of Mr. William Card, who for many years was principal flute at the Philharmonic, Ancient, and Sacred Harmonic Concerts. He died at 73 years of age, after three years of severe illness, during which time his son, Mr. Edward Card, of Her Majesty's private band, has, with the rest of his family, been devoted to the comfort of the sufferer. Mr. Card was a member of the Philharmonic Society, and also of the Royal Society of Musicians. He will long be regretted and remembered by the musical profession, by his pupils, and by a large circle of friends.

**M. OLE BULL.**—This celebrated violinist, after a most successful tour in Sweden and Norway, has returned to England, and will shortly commence a *tournee* in the provinces, for which he has engaged the services of Miss Anna Whitty, Mrs. Tennant, Mr. Tennant, and Herr Formes. M. Emile Berger will preside at the pianoforte.

**BROMLEY RIFLE CORPS BAND.**—The morning performance last Monday, in the White Hart Assembly Rooms, was attended by the *élite* of the neighbourhood. The fair sex were there in great numbers, and rewarded the exertions of the artists, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Leffler, Mr. Henry, Mr. George Tedder (vocalists), and Mlle. Levesque (pianist), both with smiles and plaudits. Mlle. Levesque, a young pianist, possessing a nimble finger and excellent taste, played Wallace's "Cracovienne," and Thalberg's "Home, sweet Home." Mr. C. Henry, who has a bass voice which may be the means of bringing him into prominent notice among concert singers, must be eulogised for his excellent singing; and Mr. George Tedder gave, among other things, a ballad, "Happy moments," in his best style, and Ascher's new song of "Alice, where art thou?" with so much spirit and expression as to delight all his hearers. Suffice it that all the singers acquitted themselves most satisfactorily. The band of the Bromley Rifle Corps played the march from *Norma*, a waltz by Mr. Millar, and a selection from the *Puritani*. The accompanists at the pianoforte, Messrs. Herring and Wilson, acquitted themselves admirably, and the whole concert gave evident satisfaction to the audience.

**THE SISTERS MARCHISIO.**—These celebrated duet singers will make their first appearance in this country early in January, Mr. Edward Land having concluded an engagement with them, extending over a period of three months.

#### MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

MR. MELLON's second series of Promenade Concerts was brought to a termination on Saturday with the benefit of the director. The theatre was immensely crowded. The principal vocalists were Mlle. Parepa, Mlle. Florence Lancia, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. Donald King, and M. Fontanier. The programme was made up of old favourites, and demands little comment. The instrumental features were Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" and the overture to *Guillaume Tell*.

The policy pursued by Mr. Mellon, and his intentions with regard to the future, will be best explained in the following circular which was distributed in the theatre:—

"Mr. Alfred Mellon desires to express his sincere thanks to the nobility, gentry, and public, for the patronage bestowed on his second annual series of concerts, the last of which takes place this evening, October 12th, 1861. During the season Mr. Alfred Mellon has had the honour to give no less than fifty-four concerts, on consecutive evenings, which have been attended by more than one hundred thousand persons; and it is a source of peculiar gratification to him to be enabled to state, that notwithstanding the great number of concerts given, and the intricacy and difficulty of performing many of the works included in the programmes, that, with two or three exceptions, his patrons were not subject to disappointments. For this result Mr. Alfred Mellon feels he is under great obligations to all the artists with whom he has had the pleasure of co-operating. On undertaking the responsible task of giving a series of first-class instrumental and vocal concerts annually, Mr. Alfred Mellon appreciated the difficulties by which he was surrounded. A remembrance of the talent, skill, and energy exhibited by the late M. Julien—the great popularity justly awarded by the public to that distinguished musician, conductor, and caterer, during a period of more than twenty years, who left behind him a reputation very difficult, if not impossible, for any successor to equal or maintain—the rapidly advancing musical taste of the public, demanding a widely different, and more varied programme of music to that which proved so attractive in former years—the severe competition which now exists in providing public amusements in London, combined with the early period of the year at which Mr. Alfred Mellon was compelled to announce his concerts this season, constituted the difficulties to which reference has been previously made. In seeking to overcome these, Mr. Alfred Mellon conceived that he would be taking sure steps to entitle his enterprise to public patronage by providing:—1. An elegant, commodious, and suitable *locale* for his concerts. 2. A band, consisting of nearly one hundred eminent performers. 3. The assistance of vocal artists of the highest repute. 4. Instrumental solo performers of acknowledged ability. 5. Performing instrumental and vocal, classical and miscellaneous music, by native and foreign composers. Mr. Alfred Mellon has endeavoured to carry these arrangements into effect, and he is happy to announce that they have met with the approval of his numerous patrons, and the almost universal praises of the press. In selecting the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as the *locale* of his concerts—with its spacious stage and pit, converted into a grand promenade of unequalled extent—with its abundant accommodation, acoustic properties, admirable ventilation, and brilliant appearance, Mr. Alfred Mellon endeavoured to give an earnest proof of his desire to provide suitably for the comfort of those visitors who honoured him with their presence, and also to enable the music performed to be satisfactorily heard."

**THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.**—This Society, numbering nearly 800 musical amateurs, held its first annual meeting on Wednesday at the Floral Hall. Mr. Martin, the conductor, who established this society last year, gave an outline of the first year's operations, and of the prospects for the ensuing season. The performances are not confined to oratorios, but include other kinds of classical music, sacred and secular; and it is intended that operations shall extend to all parts of the metropolis. Sufficient numbers of members live in each postal district to form local societies for the purpose of giving performances in aid of local charities, and also with a view of giving cheap concerts of classical music for providing rational amusement for the labouring classes. The following oratorios will be included in the programme of the forthcoming season: the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Elijah*, the last-named being appointed for rehearsal for the first meeting on Wednesday evening.

## LETTERS FROM AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.\*

No. 4.

(See MUSICAL WORLD, Oct. 12.)

London, July 11.

DID I say six hundred people listened to Charles Hallé's "Beethoven Recitals?" That was a far too timid estimate; those who know best tell me that there were at least a thousand. Very close attentive listeners they were, with few exceptions; many with book in hand, as I have said; mother and daughter perhaps looking over the same copy of the score, husband and wife, or pair of friends, or lovers. Is their love as deep, we wonder, as the language which now vibrates through them? Have they in them that which answers to the tone-poet's wonderful, most human, most heartfelt confessions? If so, they will know few better hours than that in which they followed, with Hallé for interpreter, that tenderly impassioned sonata, Op. 81, whose three movements bear the titles: "Les Adieux," "L'Absence," and "Le Retour," or to the next in order, Op. 90, in E minor, with which (according to Schindler) there also goes a story, that it was written for the Count Lichnowski, when in love and hesitating, and that the first movement (*Vivace e sempre con espressione*) was to have been called "Contest between head and heart," and the second and last (*Allegretto*, E major), "Conversation with the beloved." Lovely indeed is that last movement—tranquil and deep and full of bliss as Mozart. Two more perfect love-poems, true to the heart's experience for ever, do not exist even in music; and it will always be among the worthiest ambitions of first-class pianists, such as Hallé, to perform them worthily, as it is with actors of true genius to keep fresh the inexhaustible significance of Shakespeare.

These two sonatas formed the first part of Hallé's seventh recital. Their treatment under his hands was masterly and delicate. If one could have wished a little more nervous fire in the first one,—more of the restless and impatient Beethoven temperament—the second was all that could be desired; it seemed not only tastefully and finely, but also sympathetically played; most clearly, delicately outlined, warmly, richly coloured, softly, exquisitely shaded. And yet the admirable pianist has not once impressed me as having the live spark of *genius* in him. I could name a player or two who give me that, while they could never trust themselves to do what he does. The two sonatas were separated by that beautiful song of Schubert's, "Du bist die Ruh" ("Thou art the rest"), sung in French under the title of "L'Attente," by Mr. Tennant, who has a delicate and expressive tenor. This song afforded just the right relief, harmonising well with the mood of the sonatas; but it would have been better not in French.

The second part contained two great ones—two of the so long dreaded sonatas of Beethoven's "last period," about which there has been so much mystification, until some of the more genial and earnest of our new school pianists (*prestidigitateurs*) turned their attention from the ground and lofty tumbling feats of senseless show fantasias, to these real poems, long locked up in difficulty, and mastered them and made them clear to every listener with brains and music in his soul. The first, Op. 101, in A major, which also has its love story, and dates from about the same time with the *Liederkreis*, I had heard admirably played by Clara Schumann. I am not sure Hallé did not play it even better, at least so far as the masculine and moody vigour of the second movement (*Vivace alla marcía*), and the wild impetuosity, self-constrained into a *fugato* form, of the brilliant final *allegro*, are concerned. Passing a rather commonplace "Evening song," by Blumenthal, what shall we say of the famous grand sonata (sometimes called "double sonata," because on account of its length it is sometimes published as two), in B flat major, Op. 106? It is indeed a "Titanic" work; and of all things ever written for the instrument it offers perhaps the severest test of all the faculties, technical and genial, of the executive pianist. We have all read, and so too some of the best authorities have told me here—Mr. Benedict, for instance—that no one hitherto has achieved this task so triumphantly as Miss Arabella Goddard. Unfortunately I have not heard her. Of the composition, as such, it would be too much to try to give

any account here; but in the performance Mr. Hallé certainly astonished and delighted everybody. It was his crowning feat. If he did not bring out all that possibly could be brought out from a work so crowded with ideas and inspirations, he at least made it all so clear, so consistent, so beautiful and grand and happily varied, so fascinating from first to last, that the charm seemed as short as it was perfect. One wondered when he found the great hill of difficulty actually behind him, lying there so soft and picturesque on the horizon. It certainly required a masterly rendering to make that very long, sombre, deeply brooding *Adagio sostenuto* (in F sharp minor) interesting to the end, to nearly all the audience, as he did; or to thread the mazes of that wondrous fugue, "*a tre voce, con alcune licenzie*," of the finale, with such unerring vividness of outline.

The last "recital" was on Friday, July 5th, when Mr. Hallé fulfilled his arduous design to the last letter, by masterly readings of the last three sonatas. First, that in E major, Op. 109, with its fitful alternation of *Vivace* and *Adagio espressivo* fragments in the first movement, its *prestissimo* in the minor of the key, and finally its *Andante molto cantabile* (never had the deaf giant been so profoundly, sweetly melodious, so apt to melt into the pure *cantabile*, as in these last days), which has been justly called "one of the most genial and exquisite of those original melodies which he has treated in the *variation* form." Then,—after a pause filled by the "Adelaide," finely sung by Signor Gardoni—the sonata, Op. 110, in A flat major, also abounding in fitful alternations of *tempo*, fugged passages, subtle and suggestive variations, singular rhythmical divisions, warm, throbbing melody, and all the characteristics of his last period, while the logical consistency and unity of origin and purpose are never once lost sight of. Finally—after Gardoni had sung "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" (Mendelssohn), in Italian—the last of all the sonatas, the great one in C minor, Op. 111, ending with another wonderful *Adagio cantabile*, after an *Allegro* whose fiery, restless mood seems to revert to that of the C minor symphony, and of the *Sonata pathétique*, also in the same key. Wonderfully crisp and clear, but perhaps too rapidly, did Hallé take the bold continuous *Allegro con brio*, which sets out in unison. The *Adagio* was beautifully done. And everybody involuntarily lingered, as if unwilling to believe that these rare feasts of music were indeed all over. But to every one who listened truly it still lives! If ever concert-giver could congratulate himself on a good work done, and with complete success, that pleasure must be Mr. Hallé's.

To look at him, you would not think him such an artist. There is something almost methodical in his serious, homely, long face, and the straight, sandy hair well smoothed over the shining head. But there is a beautiful clearness in his look, as of a stream never sluggish, and a quiet self-possession in his manner, which denotes artistic fidelity and character. Such a concert was riches upon riches, following, as it did for me, the unexpected revival (on the day before, the 4th) of a rare experience of brighter days, which was no less than hearing "the Lind" sing again—and with nothing of the old charm, on her part, wanting! Of this I have yet to tell; as well as of many interesting concerts heard in these last weeks, and admirably performed operas, besides, including (after all) *Guillaume Tell* and *Don Giovanni*, with the wonderful *début* of "little Patti" as Zerlina. Meanwhile, just to show the wealth of London—alas! that it takes so much of the meaner kind of wealth to go to operas and concerts here; yet thousands do contrive to pay their guinea every night—look at this list of really distinguished singers, every one of whom has been here and could be heard here during the last few weeks:—

**SOPRANO.**—Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt (only once); Mad. Giulia Grisi (still taking farewells!); Mile. Tietjens; Mad. Penco; Mad. Gassier; Mile. Adelina Patti; Mile. Czillag; Miss Anne Banks; Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington; Mad. Radersdorff; Mad. Miolan-Carvalho; Mrs. Sunderland; Mile. Anna Whitty.

**CONTRALTO.**—Mad. Alboni (gone to Paris); Mad. Nantier-Didié; Mad. Lemaire; Mad. Sainton-Dolby; Miss Adelaide Phillips (has not sung); Miss Freeman; Mile. Parépa.

**TENORS.**—Signor Mario (still in his prime); Signor Giuglini; Signor Gardoni; Signor Tammerlik; M. Belart; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Inkersoll, Tennant.

**BARITONES.**—M. Fauro; M. Gassier; Signors Belletti, Delle Sedie,

\* Addressed to *Dwight's Boston Journal of Music*.



Guglielmi, Garcia, Ronconi (as Masetto!), Tagliafico; Messrs. Santley, Montem Smith.

BASSI.—Herr Carl Formes; Herr Zelger; Mr. Weiss.

And more, whose names escape me; while one or two of these, perhaps, I have not rightly classed, not having heard them all. Of what I have heard I hope to recall enough to lend interest to another letter. D.

### THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At the concert on Saturday Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini were the chief attractions. The programme consisted, with the exception of two valse airs, of selections from *Don Giovanni* and *Marta*. The other singers were Mad. Caradori, who has long been well known to the English public, and Signor Bossi, who bids fair to become at least as widely appreciated. Mlle. Titiens sang magnificently the aria, "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*. She sang, too, "The Last Rose of Summer," which was redemanded. Signor Giuglini's version of "Il mio tesoro" is, to our thinking, a mistake; but the melodious romance from *Marta*, "M' appari," is almost perfect. "Batti, batti," fell to Mad. Caradori's share, and Signor Bossi displayed a powerful voice and strong dramatic feeling in the spirited beer-song from *Marta*, although, both in that and in the opening of the duet, "La ci darem," he seemed too much inclined to drag the time. The concerted music was well executed, especially the trio of masks; and the overture to *Marta* was performed with capital effect. Mad. Caradori sang the favourite aria by Benedict and De Beriot, "Nel dolce incanto;" and a new valse, entitled "Stella," by Signor Ardit, the composer of the now celebrated "Bacio," was twice performed, a band rehearsal taking place in the pause between the two parts of the concert, and Mlle. Titiens afterwards singing it with great applause.

Two popular concerts,—not popular in the St. James's Hall acceptance of the term,—popular as to pieces, but not classically so, have this week been given at the Crystal Palace. The great attraction offered was the opportunity of hearing those distinguished artists, Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, at one shilling admission. We doubt the policy of the directors in making the charge of admission so low, as we believe such a reduction must seriously interfere with the receipts of the Saturday afternoon concerts, when they cannot present so attractive a combination as on the occasions in question. This, however, is the business of the directors, with whom it is neither our intention nor desire to enter into discussion upon the point. Let them see to it. The first concert took place on Tuesday, the 15th, the second on Thursday, the 17th. The programme of the first was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (*Le Cheval de Bronze*), Auber. Aria, "Non piu andrai" (*Nozze di Figaro*), Mozart; Signor Bossi. Duetto, "Da quel di" (*Linda di Chamounix*), Donizetti; Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini. Aria, "Torquato Tasso," Donizetti; Mad. Caradori. Romanza, "Spirto gentil" (*Favorita*), Donizetti; Signor Giuglini. Cavatina, "Com è bello" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), Donizetti; Mlle. Titiens. Quartetto (*Fidelio*), Beethoven; Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Caradori, Signors Bossi and Giuglini.

PART II.—Overture (*Il Barbiere*), Rossini. Duetto, "Obbligato" (*Elisir d'Amore*), Donizetti; Signors Giuglini and Bossi. Valse, "La Stella," Ardit. Romanza, "Tu m'ami" (*Zingara*), Balfe; Signor Giuglini. Duetto (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Caradori. Terzetto, "Qual volutta" (*Lombardi*), Verdi; Mlle. Titiens Signors Bossi and Giuglini. Overture (*Le Père gaillard*), Weber.

With the exception of Signor Bossi, the vocalists are all well, and favourably known to our readers. The stranger is a basso of no ordinary talents and acquirements. He brings with him a well-earned reputation from Italy, where his powerful voice and dramatic talent attracted the attention of Signor Verdi, who wrote expressly for him several of the bass parts in his different operas. Signor Bossi fully justified all expectation by the artistic manner in which he sang Mozart's aria. Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini delighted their hearers as much as ever in the various pieces set down for them, especially in the duet from *Linda*, which created a *fièvre*. The quartet from *Fidelio* was admirably rendered. The only novelty in the programme was the valse composed expressly for Mlle. Titiens by the talented maestro, Signor Ardit—a sequel to his well-known "Bacio," rendered so popular by Mlle. Piccolomini.

The new valse is christened "La Stella," and, judging from its reception by the audience last Tuesday, it bids fair even to transcend its predecessor in popularity. It is in every respect adapted to the magnificent voice and florid execution of the gifted vocalist, who sang it *con amore* and with the greatest effect. The band, under the direction of Herr Manns, acquitted itself with its usual ability and credit to its energetic conductor.

The second concert, on Thursday, attracted a larger crowd than on Tuesday, but on neither occasion did the audience reach the number of six thousand. Strange indeed that a man walking on a rope above the people's heads should attract between thirty and forty thousand persons, and yet not above a tenth part of that number should be tempted to visit the Crystal Palace to hear two of the greatest living singers!—both being accessible, be it remembered, for one shilling. Query—If Blondin were to cut capers at the opera, would he bring larger houses than *Guillaume Tell* or *Don Giovanni*?

The programme of the second concert was of the same character as that quoted above. The greatest effect was created by Mlle. Titiens in the cavatina "Com è bello," from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and in the duet "Il suon dell' arpe angeliche," from Donizetti's *Martiri*. The band, under Mr. Augustus Mann's directions, performed the overtures to *La Gazza Ladra* (Rossini), the *Jubilee* (Weber), and the *Zauberflöte* (Mozart).

### MADAME GRISI'S FAREWELL TOUR.

DURING the past week Mad. Grisi has sung for positively the last time at Bath and Bristol in Opera, and at Portsmouth and Southampton in Concerts.

*Norma*, followed by a scene from *Sonnambula*, was given on Monday, 14th, at the Theatre Royal, Bath, and proved a most successful commencement of the tour. A numerous audience assembled on the occasion to take leave of the incomparable *prima donna*, who was in splendid voice, and acted with all her wonted grandeur and effect. The cast of the opera was thus distributed:—Norma, Mad. Grisi; Adalgisa, Mad. Lemaire; Pollio, Signor Galvani; Oroveso, Signor Ciampi. As Adalgisa, Mad. Lemaire was in every respect praiseworthy. The talent of this clever artist is remarkable for its versatility. The gay Orsini, the impassioned Azucena, the coquettish Zerlina, all find in her an efficient representative. Her impersonation of the youthful priestess was in no way inferior to that of the other rôles with which her name is associated.

Pollio is not a very grateful part for a primo tenore, either musically or dramatically considered. Signor Galvani made the most of it. This gentleman will be recollected by the *habitues* of Covent Garden as having appeared at that theatre some five or six years ago. Since that time he has been singing with the Sisters Marchisio at nearly all the principal continental opera-houses, and has achieved a distinguished reputation by the facility of his vocalisation, and agreeable quality of his voice. Signor Ciampi was a capital Oroveso. The last scene of *Sonnambula* introduced two *débütants*: Mlle. Dario, who appeared as Amina, and Signor Aspa the Elvino. The young lady having overcome the nervousness inseparable from a first appearance before the public, afforded indisputable evidence of a fresh and charming voice of the Bosio style. She is apparently young, and certainly good-looking. Her method of singing is excellent, showing she has had the advantage of efficient tuition. Stage fright evidently prevented Mlle. Dario from doing herself justice, or giving full scope to her vocal powers in the adagio, "Ah! non credea," and it was not until the encouraging applause of the audience restored her confidence, that she was able to display the pure quality of her voice, and the great command she has acquired in using it. The allegro, "Ah! non giunge," was completely successful. When the curtain fell the public were loud in expressing their unqualified and vociferously redemanded approbation of the interesting *débütante*. Of Signor Aspa it is hardly possible to judge, from the very little he had to do as Elvino, in the last scene of *Sonnambula*. In the concert room his voice is agreeable and effective. He lacks animation, but evinces the feeling of a thorough musician in all he sings. This occasion was "his first appearance on any stage," and the beginning of a career in which he may make as good a

name as that he already enjoys for his singing of sacred music. Great praise is due to Signor Vianesi for the completeness and efficiency of the band and chorus he has brought together. They went admirably; the *ensemble* of the opera, in fact, left nothing to be desired, and was highly creditable to the talented maestro.

On Tuesday, 15th, *Don Giovanni* was announced at the Theatre Royal, Bristol. The baritone, Signor Cresci, not having studied his part (a most culpable and unaccountable neglect of the conditions of his engagement), it was found necessary to change the opera to *Trovatore*. A change of opera on a provincial tour is a very much more serious matter than it is in a London theatre. By his being unable to play the "Don," Signor Cresci put the resources of the touring-party to a severe and unjustifiable test, and tried the patience of the Bristol public. The company, fortunately, was equal to the emergency, and the public bore the disappointment good-naturedly enough. Mad. Grisi made amends by exerting herself to the utmost as Leonora, and Signor Cresci in a great measure obtained forgiveness for his ignorance by singing well and acting vigorously as the Conte di Luna. The part of the Gipsy was sustained by Mad. Lemaire—Signori Galvani and Ciampi playing respectively Manrico and Ferrando. Thus the difficulty was surmounted, and Signor Cresci afforded time until Saturday (this evening, when *Don Giovanni* is to be given at Bath) to study Mozart's music.

On Wednesday and Thursday a concert was given by the principal artists of the party at Portsmouth and Southampton. The programme included, as usual, many of the most popular Italian *morceaux* of the day. Mr. Willy and Mr. Ricardo Linter performed some solos on the pianoforte and violin, thereby affording an agreeable variety to the selection. Signor Fallar gave Donizetti's romance, "Ah! non avea," with great feeling and appropriate expression. Signor Ciampi, the life and soul of a concert-room, put everybody into good humour by his admirable rendering of the buffo song, "Miei rampolli." Mad. Grisi sang and looked as well as ever, while Mlle. Dario, Mad. Lemaire, and the other artists, all contributed to the success of the concerts.

On Friday, 18th, *Norma* was performed at Bristol, with the same cast as at Bath; and, as has been already mentioned, *Don Giovanni* to-night at Bath will terminate the first week of the Grisi farewell tour.

CAMDEN LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, CAMDEN ROAD. — A highly interesting Lecture on Music was delivered here by Mr. Joseph Goddard on Wednesday evening. Mr. Goddard remarked in commencing, that in lectures upon music it was customary to regard the subject in a light partly historical and partly critical: that, with reference to the historical point of view, music, like many other things, involved a moral as well as a material history — that the material path of its development was too frequently selected for exploration in preference to the moral, which was just the reverse of what should be the case, art partaking more of mind than matter, in a work of art matter being rarefied by mind, and mind itself spiritualised by emotion and moral impulse: that, therefore, the main line of history in art must wind through the channel of the mind and amongst the impulses of man's finer nature. The lecturer then remarked that he intended to review the subject philosophically — to take a strain of music and methodically investigate it, as a botanist would take in his hand and proceed to examine a blade of grass. He then struck two grand divisions in his mental dissection of a strain of music. He remarked that it consisted generally of the physical, material sound, on the one hand, — sound in the abstract, the result of some species of vibration, — and, on the other, of the æsthetic configuration, the melody or measure into which this material element is wrought, with the moral expression thence emanating. The first section of the subject — sound — Mr. Goddard subdivided into two minor divisions, one embracing the history and origin and productions of musical sound, the other the methods by which musical sound is classified into a system and represented in writing; this consideration leading to the subject of the musical system and the history and origin of musical notation. The second main section of the subject — its æsthetic configuration — Mr. Goddard also subdivided into two minor branches, the one embracing the artistic forms of music, the other its moral expression or meta-

physics. In the present lecture (which was one of a series) Mr. Goddard confined himself to the consideration of the history and origin of the production of musical sound, and this led to the subject of musical instruments. The lecturer then traced the Greek lyre through its different modifications and improvements, wherein it assumed successively the form of the guitar and the rebec, until it eventually became conformed into the violin. In an interesting digression Mr. Goddard then took occasion to remark that music started upon its course of development in this country pretty equally, both as regarded time and circumstances, with the art in Italy, the Pope who laid the foundation of the art in Italy (Pope Gregory the Great) being the same who despatched St. Augustine on the Christian mission to this island, who brought with him the Gregorian tones; that for a time the race was pretty equal, or, if anything, rather in favour of this country, until the advent of Palestrina, from whose genius the art in Italy received a new impulse, just after, in England, it had endured the blow of the Reformation, the Reformation operating unfavourably for the art of music, as it deprived it of the stimulus the church had hitherto afforded it. Music, moreover, was just stepping out of the church in England at this time, but before it had taken firm root in secular forms its growth was suppressed in the church, and thus it declined. In Italy, on the other hand, it happened that music received a continued impulse in the church till it had fairly taken root out of the church in madrigal, cantata, and opera. Mr. Goddard then, rather ingeniously, traced the developments of nearly all the leading instruments now in use, from two primitive types, the lyre and the reed, showing that each gave birth to two varieties: the lyre, in one direction, to the harp and pianoforte, in the other direction to the violin, violoncello, and double bass; the reed, in one direction, to the organ, and, in the other, to the flute and its species in wind instruments. Mr. Goddard then in an able peroration remarked upon the propriety of cultivating the art of music. He stated that music was a language with which the Creator had endowed humanity, wherein to express and preserve its finest feelings; that it was the great language of good, as literature was the language of knowledge; that, therefore, such a language must be desirable to spread and beneficial to receive. In conclusion, he remarked that its cultivation entailed a negative advantage: that the greatest difficulty of life was not to earn money, but to satisfactorily employ the leisure; that this was the problem which every successful man must eventually face, and he offered the pursuit of music as one solution of it whence both pleasure and profit were to be derived. The lecturer resumed his seat amid general demonstrations of approval, and the secretary announced a succession of interesting lectures and the opening of classes, which was received with great applause. The small but tastefully decorated lecture-hall was entirely filled, and the institution appears to be receiving the encouragement it so well merits.

### Provincial.

The *Plymouth Herald* has the subjoined:—

"On Monday last the deeply interesting 'sensation drama,' the *Colleen Bawn*, was reproduced, and put on the stage in an exceedingly beautiful manner. The new scenery called forth loud plaudits from all parts of the house; the dresses and decorations were in excellent keeping, and the manner in which the whole was brought forward showed the capabilities of the theatre, and the advantages of the recent improvement. The house, we may observe, with the exception of the dress circle, was crowded to excess. The drama was well played; Miss Kate Ranoe, as Eily O'Connor, fully sustained the character of the charming heroine, and drew down thunders of applause. Mr. O'Sullivan was also exceedingly effective as Myles, and the other characters found able representatives. After the 'sensation scene,' when Eily is thrown into the river, Miss Ranoe and Mr. O'Sullivan were called before the curtain, and received a renewal of the plaudits which had been deservedly bestowed on them throughout the evening. The ballet followed, and was well received. The *Colleen Bawn* has been repeated every evening since with equal success."

From Brighton we hear that the well-known harpist, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, accompanied by Mrs. H. Percy as vocalist, have been giving three performances at the Pavilion. The playing

of Mr. Chatterton appears to have been thoroughly appreciated by his audiences, as also the singing of the lady; the illustrations being in every instance most favourably received.

We glean the following news from the Brighton papers:—

On Wednesday, the 9th inst., Mr. Kuhe gave the first of a series of three recitals in the Banqueting Room of the Pavilion, which was filled with an audience composed mostly of ladies. Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Heller, Chopin, figured in the programme, and if variety be charming, it must be admitted that the selection evinced no little judgment and discretion. Of course the professor was well received, as he invariably is, and his peculiar characteristics were as prominently demonstrated and as successful as of yore. Without tiring the reader with remarks on each particular performance, we may say that Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, with which the second part was opened, was the most perfect effort of the pianist. A song in each part by a lady vocalist affords a pleasant relief. The second recital took place on Wednesday, the 16th inst.

Herr Derffel commenced his third series of recitals at the Pavilion on Thursday afternoon. His programme was replete with *recherché* selections from favourite composers, and was as follows:—Polonaise, in E flat (C. M. Weber); Aria, "Il Trovatore" (Verdi), Signor Pietro Fortuna; Sonata, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2 (Beethoven); "Reviens, reviens," Cavatina, in E (John Field); Nocturne, in G minor, No. 1 of "Les Soupirs," Op. 37 (F. Chopin); Scherzo, 2nd, in B flat minor, Op. 31 (F. Chopin); Aria, "Il Ballo in Maschera" (Verdi), Signor Pietro Fortuna; Réverie, in D, MS. (Derffel); Valses (Derffel).

At the Philharmonic Society's Concert, at LIVERPOOL, last Monday, Mad. Sainton-Dolby and M. Sainton appeared, with Miss Marian Moss and Mr. George Perren as assistant vocalists, and M. Theodore Ritter, pianist, and M. Pague, violoncellist, as assistant instrumentalists. — Mlle. Patti made her second appearance at St. George's Hall on Wednesday, and sang Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim," the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, "The Last Rose of Summer," and the "Swiss Echo Song." — The charges for the Jenny Lind Concerts seem to be canvassed with much warmth. "A number of good places," writes the *Liverpool Albion*, "are still obtainable at the office of the Philharmonic Society, in Exchange Street East. We warn our readers against yielding to the exorbitant demands of sundry clever speculators, who have secured a number of tickets in expectation of being able to re-sell them at twice or thrice their original cost. The legitimate prices of admission are high enough in all reason, but it becomes a costly treat of a less satisfactory character to those who pay an advanced tariff to outside speculators whilst tickets are still to be purchased at the advertised prices." Very true! — At the Theatre Royal three performances of Italian opera have been given with Mlle. Titiens, Signor Giuglini, Mad. Caradori, and Signor Ferri. The operas were *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*.

A correspondent from Hull writes us that at the Harvest Thanksgiving special service at Holy Trinity Church,—

"The prayers were intoned by the Revs. G. O. Brown, R. H. Parr, and H. G. Kinnear; and the lessons were read by the Revs. J. Scott and H. W. Kemp. The greatest praise is due to Mr. Skelton and the talented choir for the noble manner in which the choral service was performed. The 'Magnificat' and 'Nunc Dimittis,' from Mr. Skelton's services, were effectively given, while the Hallelujah chorus from the *Messiah* was magnificently performed both by the organist and choir. After the Harvest Hymn had been sung, a sermon was preached by the Hon. and Rev. A. Duncombe, from Psalm cii. 25. The appropriate opening voluntaries were, 'With verdure clad,' and 'The marvellous work,' from the *Creation*; chants to the proper psalms, Smith and Turl; 'Magnificat' and 'Nunc Dimittis,' Skelton; anthem, the Hallelujah chorus, from the *Messiah*; a fine old psalm tune to a harvest hymn, and the Old Hundredth psalm and tune; concluding voluntary, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' from the *Creation*. The choir consisted of forty voices, the increase to the usual choir being a large number of the amateur members of the Vocal Society, Mr. Skelton, the organist, presiding."

We learn, both from the *Leeds Mercury* and a Halifax paper, that a very successful concert was given by Mr. Frobisher at the Hall of the Mechanics' Institute, Halifax, on the evening of Thursday week. The singers were Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Caradori, Signors Giuglini and Bossi.

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And thinking of the days that are no more.'

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